the taste and skill of the artisans of Palembang is japanning and varnishing. He had seen the entire walls of a large room, and the inner and outer surface of a prow that would carry fifty men, as elaborately and as richly ornamented as the surface of one of our costly trays or card tables. In the skillful working of gold—in filagree work—the artisans of Palembang have attained an equal celebrity with the Korintje and other people of Samstra. Capt Gibson had been often inquired of by several of the Sumatran, Bornese, and Celebrasan Chiefs, for a copy of the Bible, or "Koran" of the "Nahi Jesa," as they called it. It is true, that several of them only evinced in their inquiries for our Hely Soriptures an idea on their perts, that they contained much valuable information about botany, navigation, &c.; and did not seem to desire the book for religious instruction; but the very frequent inquiries, and of many who were curious and anxious to know the source of the Christian's (crang serani as they style us) strength, skill, and power over them, led the Captain to feel that many parts of the Indian Archipelago offered one of the most interesting fields for the diffusion of our ascred writings. He had much to say on that head, and while speaking of the diffusion of religious knowledge, he desired to say that, in his opinion, no person in this country had contributed more to the diffusion of a knowledge of this country, in Japan, Siam, and the Eastern Archipelago, than Aaron H. Palmer, Esq., of Washington City, and now Consul General of Ecuador. Our intelligent traveler next made some interesting remarks upon the languages of the Archipelago, which he seemed to have studied thoroughly. He spoke chiefly about the High Malay and Java Malay, or Lingua Franca of the East, also of the Kawi, or classical language of Java; of the Sunda dialect, the Rentjou language, and written character; the Bughinese, Madurese and Balinese. The articles for commerce were innumerable and invaluable. A substance like guno was found mong certa

cut of Java, was very insecure. We cannot better conclude our sketch of this interesting and agreeable discourse than by giving Cept. Gibson's own language on this point:

Thetime appears to be at hand when the East is to awake from its lethargy of ages. Civilization, borrowing from the analogies of physical nature, has exhibited the apparent contradictions of positive and negative attributes. From its European center, planted in the twilight of the middle ages, in a soil wrought deep with the phowshare of revolution, it has sent westward an invigorating tile of rational progress, while backward upon the East has rolled a desolating current of commercial intrigue. In the pathway of the former republics have sprung from the wastes of nature, while along the track of the latter the symbols of learning and religion, and the insignia of ancient authority, have been crashed in the dust. These opposing forces have met in the Pacific, nor can the result of the conflict be doubtful. European authority in the East hangs by a frail thread, and is unworthy of the name of Empire. The sagacity of European duplam sists has been besided by a singular destiny, that seems to have reserved the East for a better fate than that marked out for it by European politics. Its inexhaustible wealth and diversited productions have been hidden under a veil of impenetrable mystery. Odericus Marco Polo, Pinto, and other European travelors have been hidden under a veil beyond that of inventors of curious fable. A British minimal belands of the Eastern Archipelage, rich in the lavish the learned of the featern Archipelage, rich in the lavish beyond that of loventors of curious faile. A British mininter blindly bargained off, in 1824, to the Dutch, the
islands of the Eastern Archipelage, rich in the lavish
wealth of nature, for the unprofitable mistary post of the
Cape of Good Hope, and the equally unprofitable island
of Ceylon. That formidable power has by its ignorant
and mistaken diplomacy, sheltered the Eastern Islands
from the encroachments of its political ambition and commercial cupidity. France with its revolutions, its wars of
ambition, and its unruly Algiers, has had little leisure to
prosecute a former desire for Eastern acquisitions. The
spirit of enterprise, is dead in Spain and Portugal. The
Russian Court bound to that of Holland by the ties of
consangularly has been content with hewing a pathway to
the Mediterranean, whilst Prussia and Austria have consented to nibble the lox's share off the spoil of their
haughty ally.

haughty ally.

The Dutch alone have gained a footbold in the East
Indian Archipelago. But incapable by nature to conquer
or destroy the wealth they so much cover, they have dute
fittle more than to menace the shores of these populous
Islands with a shadowy and unsubstantial power. With the exception of a portion of Java she has made no per-manent territorial acquisitions.

The claim to five sixths of the Archipelago is unsupported

The claim to five sixths of the Archipelago is unsupported by actual conquest, or even the presence of a respectable authority. The little I-land of Bali has quite recently opposed, with signal success, the forces of the Netherland Indien Government, and the most of the ancient sovereignties are as yet unsubdued. The Dutch have had just power enough to keep up a partial embargo of the native commerce, and to blockasie the mouths of the rivers, but their extravagant pretensions to dominion will not bear the test of a critical examination.

This inviting field is held in reserve for American enterprise. Its population is tractable and ready to engage in more extended commerce. The American character has thus far found ready access to the Oriental confidence. Our commercial policy, which aims rather to enrich than destroy, is well calculated to insure this result. England may fail to convince the credulous people of Asia that her policy seeks not the spoil of their industry, while India lies prostrate, its bleeding victim: Holland may fail to establish the wisdom and justice of its contracted and selfish policy; but America alone can point out to the Exit an example of the moderation of her principles and the wisdom of her policy in the enlightened and regenerated Sandwich Islands.

To accomplish this result, our political relations with the

Sandwich Islands.

To accomplish this result, our political relations with the East Indian Archipelagor should be put on a firm footing. No Idiplomatic agents should be sent there, but those who are deeply versed in the Geography, History and Traditions of the East. The avenue to the confidence of this people lies through their moral rather than their intellectual convictions. In your haste to meet them, you must not overturn the symbols of all they deem scarced is the deferring to those deeply rooted prejudices that mark the Oriental character, at once compel respect by exhibiting it, and exact confidence by bestowing it.

enfidence by bestowing it.

Cautain Gibson has been invited by the Society to read confidence by bestowing it.

Captain Gibson has been invited by the Society to read a paper at a future meeting on the subject of this (to us) almost unknown part of the world. He was not aware whether his engagements at Washington would permit him to accede to their request, but he would be happy at all times to present his knowledge of the geography, history, ethnology, languages, &c., of the Eastera Archipelago as a gratuitous offering to his fellow citizens.

CONVENTION OF IRISH TRADES AND CIVIC

CONVENTION OF IRISH TRADES AND CIVIC SOCIETIES.

This body met on Tuesday night at Power's, Montgomery Hall, No. 76 Prince'st. At about 8 o clock Mr. Wen. Carroll called the meeting to order, when Mr. John Mc. Grath, the Secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved. Mr. McGrath, as Chairman of the Committee appointed to meet with the military for the purpose of making arrangements for the intended procession to John Mitchel, reported that the Committee had gone to the Military Hall for that purpose, but they did not see these gentlemen, as he supposed they did not meet in consequence of the card which had appeared in the City papers from Mr. Mitchel, declining the proposed demonstration. This card of Mr. Mitchel's then became the subject of discussion, and there was a great deal of disappointment manifested as well as some heated disapprobation at the course which Mr. Mitchel thought proper to pursue. Some of the members expressed a suspicion he was influenced in the course by the malign influence of The Hereld newspaper or some of its mean straches, and Mr. O'Reilly said that if Mr Mitchel knew thought proper to pursue. Some of the members expressed a suspicion he was influenced in the course by the malign influence of The Herald newspaper or some of its mean attaches, and Mr. O'Reilly said that if Mr Mitchel knew "The Herald" as well as the people of New-York did, he would pay but little attention to its censure, or praise, or advice, as from the time it first started it was the eventy of Irishmen both here and at home—and of every eminent man who would attempt to do any service to the Irish people, and yet by his card he would seem to sanction the course that paper had pursued. Others again said they feared that Mr. Mitchel had got into the hands of bad men who desired to make each and volitical canital out of him. conve that paper has pursued. Others again said they feared that Mr. Mitchel had got into the hands of bad men who desired to make each and political capital out of him, and that the workingmen—the bone and sinew—the only men in fact who truly respected John Mitchel, or regarded and loved the cause for which he suffered, were about to be thrown overboard and loved lightly on through defference to these seekers. Mr. Bulger, of the Emmet Society, said he did not now consider it any wonder that the English Government transported John Mitchel after all he had spoken and written against them, when such angry feelings were displayed toward him in consequence of a light mistake. Mr. Hogan considered that the sufferings of John Mitchel should make him sacred in the eyes of Irishmen, and if, in the confusion of all who were calling to see him, he had even made a mistake, it ought to be passed over. Mr. John McGrath said that none were more willing than he to concede all indulgence under the circumstances, but that the card of Mr. Mitchel placed the Committee in an awkward position, as they said Mr. Mitchel had accepted the proposed demonstration, when he states differently. Mr. Dunn said the worst of the matter was that the

but that the card of Mr. Mitchel placed the Committee in an awkward position, as they said Mr. Mitchel had accepted the proposed demonstration, when he states differently.

Mr. Dunn said the worst of the matter was that the card of Mr. Mitchel seemed to sanction the lying reports The Hard had published of this affair from the very commencement, and the card afforded him another opportunity which he never neglects of maligning frishmen. Indeed he has been consistent in this, since the very first time he started a paper, and he recollected when the Irish Emigrants were directed to be landed on a barron beach, among the musketees of New-Jersey and when it was remonstrated against, Bennett came out and said "such a place was "good enough for such cattle." If Mr. Mitchel thinks he can make a friend of Bennett, either for himself or the Irish people he will find himself mistaken.

Mr. McCfirty thought that could be very easily reconciled, and though he, himself, felt great disappointment, he would not consent to make any issue on the matter. Irish men were too long divided, and for no reason, at home; let them not begin it here. For some time there was a good deal of excitement, but after a white all calmed down.

Mr. John McGrath then read the following letter from Mr. Mitchel:

Exception, Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1333.

Mr. Mitchel:

To the Chairman of the Civic and Produc Societies
Gentlanden. I trust that the Civic and Trades Societies
Gentlanden. I trust that the Civic and Trades Societies, as well
as the Milliary, will foreive the appearant discountery of my declining forther public appearances by a card in the newspapers. At the
time I wrote that card I did not know where to address your Secretary and Chairman, and wished to make my wish known in time to
reven trushle and water of time in making arrangements.

I was well sware from the line, Gentlemen, that your propered demonstration, was solely to show the warm and ready sympathy with the cause of Freedom—at the do honces to an individual

On the motion of Mr. Cushing, a Committee of five was appointed to draft resolutions on the subject. They retired, and after a time presented the following resolutions.

Which were adopted:

Received, That we, the representatives of the trades and civic societies of New York learn with regret Mr. Mitchel's reconsideration of his acceptance of the public procession tendered him by us, but feeling that the motives which impelled him to such a single pare indeed by considerations of propriety and increasity, we accede to be feeding that "self-wide and discharge our Committee. Received, That we believe in the truth and correctness of the report of the Gosmittee that waited on Mr. Mitchell, tendering him a procession of the trades and civic societies of this Chy on the 19th neight.

After the passage of these resolutions the Convention

SKETCHES OF LECTURES.

BOURCICAULT'S WINTER EVENINGS. HISTORY OF THE STACE, OR THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF TWO MUSES.

The second of these entertainments was given on Tuesday evening, at Hope Chapel, to a large audience who received

The second of these entertainments was given on Taesday evening, at Hope Chapel, to a large audience who received it with marks of favor. Mr. Bourcleault said:

Ladies and Gentlenen: Some years ago, being invited by a friend, I went to his country house, only too happy to escape from London. I was enjoying his thowers, when the gardener came upon me and gave me a long hard neme for what I was admiring as a marigold. He brought me into his hot house where I saw plants breaking into adesperation of blossom, showing they would not have done it, only they were ronden, and there, half-boiled, I had to listen to an hour rad a half slecture. Who has not met such a gardener? It is not now my intention to botanize with you, but to stroll through meadows and enjoy their flowers. My story begins at a harvest home in Areadis, where shepherds assembled to sing and dance and play spon the pipe, the elders their judges the praises of God their theme, and a measure of wine their prize. We next see a simple Attie peasant, reaming from village to village, reciting his verse, and hear the rustic chorologue, Ecoe Bacche I in honor of Bacchus. This is the origin of Comedy; the words whence it is derived mean the village-song. I A painting was here exhibited, with music, representing ancient Attie villagers singing and dancing in honor of Bacchus I In the cities to this species of worship temples were assigned. "A similar religious rite gave rise to the word tragedy. A goat was alanghtered and an ode sung. Tragedy expressed a peinful emotion: a hero was its theme, and death accompanied it. At such ecromonies the chorus were dressed in goat skins to represent sayrs; they used purgent language—hence the Word "active! Thus, you perceive the cradie of McDomene and Thalie, the two Muses of whom I treat. Areadian in their origin and never more Areadian than of late, when prejudice and ignorance have made them Areades ambo, i.e., vagabonds both. Their life has been varied, sometimes happy as a good man, semetimes wretched as a gay life. Th him, and he was called Mysis. Expains for BachWhen the King drove him away, many went with him as
made him their King, he took for his scepter a thyce
i.e., a vine-clad rod; the Orontes and Hydaspes divid
to give him a passage. This story is manifestly a corretion of that of Moses; the names are shallar. A
ancient chronological table shows the date of The
pis, to whem the invention of the tragic art
attributed; he calabited about 530 B.C. The fit
exhibitions consisted merely in singing a dithyrambe; the
a receker was introduced; scenie display and maste we exhibitions consisted merely in singing a ditherambe; then a speaker was introduced; seened display and music were added in time. Whoever has read Moore's Epicarsan will remember the mysteries of the Egyptian Isis, in which a gigantic hand seized the candidate for initiation and carried him over a gulf of fire; this was done by powerful machinery. The same rites were introduced into Greece in honor of Ceres, but their horror was softened they were celebrated at Eleusis. The rites in these were connected with dramatic performances. The first theaters were in the open air; the true reward was not in the goat or wreath of laurel ayarded but in the praise of the citizens, to what competition do citizens now throng! To a prize fight! The Lennion or place of public wine presses, outside of Athens, was the site of the first theater; it was much larger than Castle Garden, hellowed in the concave of a hill. The first representation of Promethous Bound was in the

larger than Castle Garden, belowed in the concave of a unit.
The first representation of Prometheus Bound was in the
Temple of Bacchus, ordinardly called the Dionysiac Temple at Athens. Only a few years sufficed to bring the
drama to the perfection in which it was presented there.
Here worship gave grandeur to the conceptions of the old
Greek poets; and their subjects generally referred to a religious belief of their audiences. The theaters were so Greek poets; and their audiences. The theaters were so large that the actors were masks with enlarged features, and an acoustic process to make the voice more audible. The buskin raised the figure to gigantic proportions. Originally there was no charge; afterward about two cents, which was returned in refreshments. There were four dramas during the day; the audience went home to their meals and returned. Pieces were generally performed only once, but to 30,000 spectators. Tragedians were embassadors and representatives; a celebrated actor received \$500 a day, more than any now, except Forrest. They were called hypocrates, i. e. answerers, because they replied to the Chorus; the word was afterward applied, not to those who feigned on the stage but in real life. The three great tragedians were Eschylus, Sophocles and Eufpides; the first excelled in rugged grandear; the second was less daring; the third, more elegant but less lofty, excelled in pathos. There was no division into acis, but these three tragedians wrote continuous series parating the same story. thes. There was no division into acis, but these three tragedians wrote continuous series pursuing the same story. The three poets took the same plot and characters, but in those days that was not considered plagiarism. They all met unheroic ends; Euripides was torn to pieces by some dogs, hat whose kennel he strayed; they criticised him severely. Greek comedy was divided into old, middle and new; the old took real public persons, the new, abstractions—Aristophanes was the father of all three.—Menander was the only other Greek comic author, but his his works are all lost. St. Paul quotes from them "Evil communications corrupt good morther was interested to the strain of the strain of the same strain of the strain of the

der was the only other Grock come author, but his his works are all lost. St. Paul quoies from them "Evil communications corrupt good mornals." From Thespis to Memander there were just 250 yeurz—the time from Shakspers to the present. After him the drama declined, first by the loss of its religious, then of its moral character. The cause was the falling off of the public intellect; the public who blame the drama should know that the wrong, as the remedy, is in them selves. From Greece my heroines were carried to Rome, and there degraded with everything else Greek, which the Romans imported; for these were a brutal and unintellectual race. There was a theater at Rome, but no Roman drams, they borrowed all from Groece, save the farce, which was an invention of the Eruscans. There was born a person who has given us much enlightenment of late—Pauch, whose nose is true Roman. He was probably Æsop, and Harlequin Zanio, our Zany. Now a thousand years pass away, during which my muses are in rags; at length we find them near a feudal castle in Calabria at a fair among jester and peddlers, in company with Harlequin, Colambine. Punch, and a donkey. From this germ is born the Drama of our days; pantomime and buffoonery are among its elements, and it cannot get rid of them. The first form of our modern drams was religious, presenting passages in our Savior's life, very unpoetically handled. The Roman Catholic Church used it to strengthen its hold on the mind; but when Poetry took the Drama from the Church, the Church excommunicated it. In its second stage it presented moral lessons: then came the romantic orams of Shakspere. In this we detect the pantonimic and farcic elements. The Muses then strayed from tewn to town of England and exhibited in innyards. Cromwell was not hostile to the drama; there is extant an authorization in his own hand and over his own signature for a new theater and an Italian opera. The great names of the stage are Æschylus. Sophoeles, Euripides and Shakspere. Queen Victoria patrynizes the The great names of the stage are Aschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Shakspere. Queen Victoria patronizes the Irana, and allows her children to be instructed by it. In the Rubens Room at Windsor, where Elizabeth saw one of Shakspere's plays performed, Victoria ordered the representation of one of mine—which was presented with far

Several of the scenes described by Mr. Bourcicault were exhibited in paintings, which the audience frequently ap-

exhibited in paintings, which the audience frequently applicated.

ENGLISH SACRED LITERATURE AND TRAGIC POETRY.

SY PROFESSOR HENRY REED.

The second lecture of the course for the benefit of the contingent fund of the Protestant Episcopalian Multuel Benefit Society, was delivered by Professor Deed on Tuesday evening, in the large Chapel of the University, before a goodly audience. The lecturer said: In the subject of this evening's lecture, in speaking of the sacred literature of our language, he used a term which he was well aware there would be some difficulty in defining. It was not easy to do so without on the one hand narrowing it so as to exclude what it is desirable to comprehend, and on the other hand the danger of passing beyond the region of literature into that of theology. That alone is properly literature, whether sacred or secular, which was addressed to man in his humanity, and not in any profession of seclusion. It was an utterance to mankind, and not to any class of human beings as they were parceled off into yarious vocations of society. There was thus a literature alone to theology, but distinct from it. There were books for the general reader which had an adminity to the studies of the divine, but which need not be confounded with those that are the special subject of his thought, and which it would be both presumptions and inapposite in him to discuss. The more common error of the general reader, however, was not the venturing too far, but the withdrawing from too much. And one of his chief inducements to treat this subject of sacred literature was the hope of being able to show how rich our English literature was the hope of being able to show how rich our English literature was the hope of being able to show how rich our English literature was the hope of being able to show how rich our English literature was the hope of being able to show how rich our English literature was the hope of being able to show how rich our English literature was the hope of being able to show how rich our Engl

our literature is abundantly rich; in no other language can so many sermons be found. It has been asserted by authority even so high as Coleridge himself, that Pulpit Eloquence, in his time, had sailly degenerated. But he thought that the revival which took place cotemporaneously with Hall, among the Baptists, and Chalmer's in the Scottish Kirk, could be pointed to as the commencement of a new era, no whit leas brilliant than that of any previous period. The student who neglected to study English sacred Riterature, especially of the latter part of the 17th century, debarred himself of acquaintance with much of the true eloquence, and genoine pisty of English Pulpit Literature. He deemed such divines as Andrews, and Donn, Hooker, Taylor, South and Barrow, as the best exemplare of English Pulpit Eloquence, and as affording the highest enjoyment which English Sacred Literature can afford. From Literature the lacturer went on to Tragic Poetry, which he illustrated with some choice examples. He defined Tragic Poetry to be the upper air of Poetry it he atmosphere of Sorrow. Tragic Poetry has its architype in the sorrows of our natures, and the Poet, taking advantage of our susceptibilities, weaves a story that shall move our souls for good or evil. The contemplation of the real actions or events which are portrayed by the Tragic Poet would harden our hearts, instead of purifying and chartening the mind. But the artist by his air to be the sternness of the reality with out destroying one jet of its force. After defining the mission of Poetry, and asserting that it not converted into an active principle it becomes a worthless sontimentality, and induces a slavish self-indulgence, he passed on to Elegisc Poetry. It is the theme of the elegisc poet to show the virtues of sorrow, its power to sirrogulen, to purify and eleborate review of Milton's Lycidias. Shelley's Adens, and Tennyson's In Memorium, and with copious extracts from the latter he closed his becture.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN PARIS.... No. IV.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.
Pants, Monday, Nov. 21, 1853. All who have been bereaved visit the graves of their friends during the eight days of the fete for the dead. Sun day I fell in with the current toward Pere la Chaise. It was an afternoon of Indian summer loveliness, with no trace of sorrow on its sunny face. I had never seen the Boulevards looking so brilliant and gay, or such tides of joyous humanity as flowed along the pavements. The shopwindows glowed with autumn tints. Ladies on horseback, with bars and jackets like their cavallers, added to the loveliness of the scene. All sorts of vehicles, with great smarking of the whip but little going round of the wheels, wormed ingeniously along the street. There was a large open omnibus, filled with jolly bourgeois, going for a ride in the country, and gentlemen's gigs returning from the chase, with footman seated back to back with his muster. Among the grander equipages I noticed a large, luxurious carriago, with top thrown down. The coachman, in very white stockings, and a prim ribbon sprig of livery on his hat, guided two fine bays. Two footmen sat behind, erect, with arms f ided, chins drawn in, blue overcoats, with two rows of bright breast buttons on each, smoothly folded, hanging over the back of their seats. A lady like D.do, without har Enens, reclined in the carriage. A pink parasol, hung with lace, protected her curls from the wind. Her feet were buried in a drift of flounces, from which looked out a white lap dog. What insiden is this so rare and radiant, with modest mien, so insciously aired and properly cared for by conchman, footnien and poodle? I was told she was one of our Dames of Lorette, and that she is irresistable in her pretty ways when she descends from her carriage, in the daytime, and invites handsome men to ride with her, and that not many days ago she was actually brutally repulsed, even with oaths, by a sturdy married New-Englander. I could scarcely believe it for as sober and cir-

One cannot get on fast on the Boulevards. There is the old woman with wooden pedals in her accustomed seat, who fiddles from morning till night, or asks you to buy a bit of her sealing wax-and the poor blind widow with placard on her breast authorizing her to hold out her cup for sous, and the flower girl who runs up before you with a buach of blue violets between her fore finger and thumb and says, "My "dear little lady, have some of my sweet flowers." She of fers you to smell of them, and then you must take out another son. My mouth watered as I caught the flavor of rich soup from the Cafe de Paris; then I lingered to look at the Wreck of Eden and the Panorama of Original Sin in a restaurant's window. There were turtles and partridges driven from their natal haunts, ready to die for you, and little birds, big as your two thumbs, in winding sheets of bacon; there were feathered fowl and game, all gory from the chase, and ghastly heads of voal bound with sacrificial fillets of carden herbs: livid pheasants, without a nin-feath er to their backs, and only a stark tail feather to tell of their primal plumage, covering their heads with their wings snails, languishing to die in a sick man's broth : little toes of little lambs awaited their doom in an epicure's stomach, while the disjointed limbs of their seniors were mackingly stood up like bouquets in white scolloped paper: fishes, unconscious of their latter end, frolicked in the fountain or cooled on its marble brink ; within hearing of the murmuring waters were the last lays of that Oriental bird whose first parents-no doubt-peeped in the Henery of Eden. There were fruits that it would have tried Adam to name, and the legs of the frog that whispered to Eve to taste them, and lobsters, great and small, blushing to their eyes that she did it. Milton does not relate with what gusto the Aldermanic smacked their lips over the morsels of the fall.

comspect as our men appear to be at home they are pro-

verbial here for the fervency of their devotions to Capid

I came in sight of what everybody calls the Bastille but no Basfille is there. The Faubourg St. Antoine points to its place, where stands now the Column of July. The glittering figure with wings extended, lighting on tiptoe on the golden globe of its summit, is the Genius of Lit erty. So lightly once he touched the soil of France. The Column bears the inscription "To the glory of the French" citizens who armed themselves and fought for the defense "of public liberty on the memorable days of the 27th, 28th "and 29th of July, 1830." Also the names of 304 patriots who were killed at that time. Gallic cocks stand at the corners of the pedestal. I asked a man in a blouse, who stood on the side toward the Faubourg St. Antoine—what was the meaning of the roaring lion, in high relief, on that side of the pedestal. He said it meant force-"but " added he. nervous "strength is nothing without unity;" then pointed to the devices on the other side-a laurel crown with a palm -emblem of martyrdom. The remains of the tims of 1830 and 1848, are buried in vanits under the monument. No wonder that their brothers walk uncovered in passing their tomb, or that the present police should be uneasy about it as in the case of Arago's funeral. The houses of this vicinity were riddled with bullets during the insurrection of 1848. A glimpse down the Faubourg St Antoine makes one comprehend the hordes that rose from there during the last revolution, or the procession of 92, which bere the hanging effigies of the King and Queen. and hearts of calves and sheep pierced with spears, dripping with blood on banners inscribed, "Behold the hearts of the aristocrats." There is a wreaking, murderous look now out the low, damp, dark houses of that region. While waiting for an omnibus, I walked through the crowd of common people upon the broad pavements of the Place de-Bastille. One grandiloquent Monsieur drew a group ound him by offering white rats for sale, and blacking boots gratis for those who would buy his blacking. Another, with a placard attesting him to be a physician, declared that he would render physic an amusement, and tell the age of a person for five sous. He had also songs to sell, and advertised them by singing putts of his medicines. One panacea was worthy of Moffat or Old Jacob Townsend. It had cured an English woman of quality who could not drink tea-now she could drink not only tea, but the tempot too. An old women, sitting on her boot blacking block, warmed her hands over a pot of cinders which she held in her lap. A very fat man sung in atrong musical voice the marits of his apples and pears, and sold sticks of candy with a bit of paper twisted around one end. The chief nucleus was a man in tight fitting knit garments, with bright garters, and bows on his insteps, and his hair fied back with blue rib bons. He swung his arms powerfully, and made speeches in the intervals of raising heavy weights with his teeth Such are some of the way side Sunday amusements of the commen people here.

I took my seat in an omnibus. The conductor mounted to receive our tickets or sous, whicled around some clockstriking machinery which marks the number of passongers, raised the sign "complete," (full.) turned down an n arm to guard him from falling from the steps traversed the doorway with a strap to sit upon, then pulled a string for the driver to proceed. We crawled along up toward the Cemetery-through a greasy, narrow, smaly street, lined with shops filled with all the parapernalia of the tomb. At first there were earthern pots for flowers, then blacksmith shops and iron-ware, then wooden crosses, painted and unpainted, with or without tears some to be had at a baygain. There were stone and marble morn-ments and surceplage of all descriptions. The most chargeci- muren's were wreaths called "Immertibles."

made of a wisp of straw wound thickly with averlasting flowers—the name of the deceased, or some word of affec-tion or regret marked upon them in black flowers. Those of everlasting flowers were either white or yellow. There were others made of ertificial flowers, or of glass beads, strung upon wires; and cheaper ones of paper cut in fringes and wound around a hoop, or even of black muslin staffed with straw : so that the poorest could buy some souvenir to lay on the grave of his friend. I saw several shops filled with plaster images of all who live in the heavens above, er have been on the earth beneath. Marys and suppliant saints and angels were the most numerous. In one shop, where a man was gilding a plaster Mary, I noticed a fullsized crucifizion fastened horizontally to the ceiling, from which were suspended, by invisible threads, flying angels large as robins.

At the end of the Rue Roquette, near the barrier, is a feudal, castle looking building, with circular turrets at the angles. It is the Prison or House of Correction for Young Offenders. A sentinel, in a gray cloak, Ike a Capuchin menk, promenaded before the entrance. Opposite is a prisen for condemned criminals. Those who are to suffer death are executed by the guillotine, privately, early in the

Though this was a fete for the dead, the living had a good share of enjoyment. Near the entrance to the Come tery were gingerbroad stands and ovens of hot cakes, and whirligig machines for swings and hobby-horses. More women than I could count were wreathing flowers, or tying them on crosses, to sell. No work of this kind is allowed to be done within the walls of the Cemetery, or when once in there to be carried away.

My preface has been so long I must leave the description

My preface has been so long I has so of this great Go getha for another sitting.

We have been groping for several days in most uncomfortable fegs. It is what the French call "Temps Anglais."

AU REVOIR.

THE MORAL USES OF LUXURY.

"If you would give a man of rude manners come refinement, place in where every object he sees checks his boorishness. If he suit upon the front, put a carpet on it, and he will think twice before he does if he whithly his seat make it of rosewood and sain, and he will use to do it all."—[Sermon of the Rev. Mr. Bellows on the Coustal charge.

This is excellent. Carpets and satin chairs, by all means, and everything else in keeping. Elegant wife, smiling pleasantly above a flowing drapery of French silk; interesting children, romping in brilliant cashmeres, like a bed of tulips torsed by a summer breeze ; best West of England readcloth on our own back, and a constant gentlemanty consciousness of clean linen-may we not add these figures to the picture? Then, too, a good dinner every day; a family box at the opera; infinite credit with the jewelers; feat horses; and, in the way of equipage, nothing less respeciable than a gig-as much as this certainly to relieve the resewood chairs of downright snoblshness. Allow us also to stipulate for Gothic retreats at Nahant and Newport from heat and ennui, and a granite palace on Broadway or Rescenst. for the solid part of the year. Books old and new: pictures and statuary; cabinots of minerals, fossils and

do say that these may be included in the inventory. Now who in the world is unreasonable enough to turn up is nese at all this? Cannot everybody consent to become Christians on these terms ! If there be Churches in New-York where such a Go-pel as this is dispensed, they ought to be very generally resorted to, if pew rent is within the bounds of reason. "Think twice before they spit upon the carpet." Believe me, they will think as many as three times before they do it. I would like to see the man that would be capable of the indecency. If the satin and rosewood chairs have not been forthcoming hitherto, because benevolent persons who had meditated donating them in large lots to humanity, had been apprehensive that they would be whittled, let the apprehension subside. I will agree to find men to become responsible to take and pay for

very chair that gets mutilated in the cause. I am not disposed to underrate the value of this arrangement as a moral discipline. I would not shrink from it myself with the same repugnance that I would from martyrdem. If apoetles of it are roady to go forth with its ble ings. I could almost insure them not to be very severely stoned. Who will object to the experiment being made at ence? If the ten thousand professed thieves of London could be furnished with nice clothes and good dinners they would not demean themselves by stealing food. If the drunkards and ruffians of the Five Points could each go nightly in their own coach to the opera, I believe they would be more decent neighbors. If Young Iroland, returning at night from excavating a railroad cut, could exchange his spade and maddy brogans for slippers, a dressing gown, and The New-York Tribune, he would be apt to ferego the diversion of breaking his first cousin's wife's brother's head. Hitherto the Gospel has come to us in so questionable a shape as to be little attractive to flesh and blood; but who will be found so demented as to refuse a seat in the Kingdom of Heaven when it is made of rose-

Now let us turn our thoughts to the practical application of this method, to the boorishness and uncivilization about us. As Mrs. Glass begins her famous recipe for cooking hares with "First catch your hare," so a practical direction in this case would begin: First get your carpets and satin and rosewood chairs. It happens that it is the very first step that costs. How shall we come by the requisite quantity of these articles of furniture? Ay, there's the rub. The world does not earn enough to floor itself upon corpets or seat itself in resewood chairs. Nine-tenths of the race never get to the estion whether they shall have a Wilton or a Brussels They are occupied exclusively with the Bread problem quite a large portion of them even with the more elementary ne of potatoes.

It is a humiliating fact to us-lords of creation-that hough one fox has as soft and rich a fur as another; though the hair and trim of one lion's mane is substantially like anothers: though every lobster at the bottom of the bay founders about among the small fish in a green shell, the type of lobsterian beauty since the world began; what the learned councils of tailors and milliners in Paris agree upon, and prescribe as the standard of elegance and fitness dress must be for er beyond the presumption of a majority of the human race, compelled to go about in sheep skins and uncouth woodens, mere folls for the dandies, privi leged to sport before their dazzled eyes the forms of ideal crace. It is just so with the carpets and chairs in question They lie wholly out of the range of the economics of vast multitudes of men. You might as well suggest as helps toward moral culture, ample stock in solvent banks, and cof-fers stored with California double eagles. If salvation cannot be effected on benches and bare floors, I fear it will be a provision sufficiently exclusive to suit the thoology of the most dismail theorists of the Divine Providence. It is possible that the airy philosophy of Mr. Harold Skimpole may e able to sail buoyantly over the difficulty. My own is more heavily pinioned. Our discouragement is not materially abated by the consideration that carpets are much more abundant than they were a generation ago-almost promse to form a basis of universal household comfort. For along with this fact, we cannot fail to see that the standard degance and luxury has rapidly advanced the Rich leading, or rather distancing the Poor in flights of extrav agance, in building equipage and apparel; so that the dis-parity of social condition widens every year. Nay, there even seems a shade of sheer envy in this matter; and from the contempt with which some people kick out carpets and chairs, when every body else has come to possess those of like pattern, we can scarcely avoid the suspicion that it was more the distinction of these luxuries than either their comfort or moral influence that was coveted all along. Since, then the Poor can never compete with the hich in this con-test for buxury—the specific comfort they struggle for, turn og into bitterness and disgust in contrast with the superior ones of their more favored competitors—the resewood chairs only possible when they have become disreputably nfashionable how is the statuary grace of Luxury to b be applied to the classes standing most in need of it. It seems to have been considered, hitherto, that it might be applied riceriously—thus the luxury possessed by me, the moral refinement of it shed like an effelgence upon twenty other men looking on. I to be seated in the satin chair wenty chaps on wooden benches pocketing their jackknives under violent moral restraint at the sight. I to stand apon the Brussels carpet-six families, separated from me bricks and mortar, to abstain from spitting upon their are floors out of deference to it: I to eat a capital dinnerfifteen hungry noses at the window to spiel the odors and wholesome moral exhalations of the viands. This method has the sanction of present and immemorial usage: but let me not be deemed cynical if I pronounce that it has not hitherto produced the desirable effect. I have supposed that the pectacle of a palace on the Fifth av . " with its stately cut doors where the artist-like curves, and angles of hard granite tell a long story of expensive, taste and labor."

where external beauty that arrests the eye, is suggestive of internal splendors that oppress the imagination, would

have to say the least, a complex moral influence upon a tenant of a mon'dy coller in the Five Points: that he would

he cowed or maddened by the obtrusive stateliness of the

structure. I do not believe that the owner of a Beyonnet.

mansion, about to spend the dog days & a watering place, would throw open his hall doors to, the mob of the North End, for the purpose to treating them to the refining induences of the pictures and orn ments that adorn the privacy of his bome life. When I see, even in the country, windows smashed, and shade crees backed down, whenever night and the absence of a proprietor affords the impunity, I cannot help celieving that it is an indication of the feeling with with the poor regard the rich. When rage and riot are sure to single out for depredation the costliest dwellings and the most imposing exhibitions of private wealth, the suspicion occurs that fear, interest, and a feeble moral principle, had combined to prevent these from being a still more

ommon occurrence. If she environments of wealth be indeed a principal element in the moral culture of the world, it has almost the appearance of mockery to make the truth public in the ears of the swarming Poor, while it is not so much as dreamed of to supply them with these moral aliments. To take home to our breast such comfortable lessons, while our upholstered pews effectually shut out the incoherent and unsightly forms of the regged and ill-clad, seems almost like adding to the monopoly of the goods of this life that of the goods of the life to come.

I do not decry luxury, still less elegance and beauty. believe them to be the gift of God, and the birthright of humanity. I do not undervalue the glorious promise for the future of the race, so beautifully expressed in the text, and so elequently and for the most part so justly elaborated in the sermen of the gifted divine from whom I have quoted But luxury, to the Christian, must not be the spoil of the Poor. While only a class can maintain a style of living so profuse and extravagant, so beyond the refined taste of the truly educated, I know it must be compensated, by the toil and privation of all the rest. While life goes thus elegantly in the perior, I know what sweltering labor there mus in the kitchen. While the English artisan is exhibiting his tasteful and elegant fabrics in the Crystal Palaces of London and New-York, to the admiration of the world, I hear that he is just now in a struggle almost of civil war, with his employer and overseer for the misseum of compensation that will give him bread. Down at the bottom of all our cotten manufacturing, and the wealth and trade issuing from it. I see Uncle Tom fainting under the bloody lash of Legree. Ner, for the rest of American labor, is there any solid quantity, and materially different organization or com pensation, that will not reduce it to the riotous beggary of the English as soon as a few accidental and temporary

advantages are outlived. Society cannot make a truthful exhibition of itself, as at the World's Fair, and not exhibit its wrongs. There is much that is excellent, hopeful, full of the promise of peace, and generally diffused comfort; much else that is said ming to the humane heart. These splendid creations of skill from the studies and workshops of the world, if seen at all by the masses of the populace of New-York, -as they cannot be by one third part of them, -are only painfully suggestive of the great gulf that separates their hell from the heaven of earthly wealth. True, the Exhibition will stimulate the genius of our artisans and the skill of our mechanics; but will it not also stimibate private extravagance, enhance the standard of expenditure give a new spar to a people already fainting in their enger competition to outsirip each other, in an insame scramble for wealth; add tears untold, heart pangs unsiterable, fatal to health and sanity, to the regrets of the disappointed, and unsuccessful as two thirds inevitably

A beneficent religion ought to sean well the basis of such a luxury, before it decides to lend the highest prophecies of its faith to sanctify and to bless it. Luxury is premature until all mex are brought to the minimum of comfort; and then should not be the accident and distinction of the few. but the heritage of all.

A man of truly refined feeling and philosophy will not

consent to wear apparel that insults the plainer garb of his associates. He will not build a Marble Palace in the midst of the dilapidated dwellings of the Poor. The very luxuries he has, he will try with half guilty consciousness to conceal lest their sight should painfully affect his neighbor who does not possess them.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LETTERS ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. By H. C. These letters were written in reply to a request from the Hon. Mr. Cooper, a Pennsylvania Senator in Congress, for information on the subject of International Copyright. Mr. Carey argues against the proposed treaty, now awaiting the action of the Senate, on the ground that it is an attempt to substitute the action of the Executive for that of the Legislature, contrary, as he believes, to the spirit, if not to the letter of the Constitution. Proceeding then, to general considerations, he maintains that an International Copyright is not demanded by justice, because the materials which compose an author's productions are the common property of the world, the original discoverers in science and art neither receiving nor claiming any reward for their ideas. The poverty of English authors, moreover, which is urged as a reason for International Copyright, is not caused by the want of such an arrangement, but by the limited home-market for their productions, and this is the fruit of the growing tendency toward centralization, so obvious in every part of the operations of the British Empire. adoption of the International Copyright, in Mr. Carey's opinion, would tend to diminish the domestic competition for the production of books, and increase our dependence on foreigners for the means of amuse-

ment and instruction. Reserving the examination of these and other positions of Mr. Carey to another occasion, we give below some of the various curious statistical details, with

which he attempts to illustrate the subject. In regard to the poverty of English writers, Mr.

Mrs. Inchbald, so well known as the auther of the Sim Mrs. Inchbald, so well known as the auther of the Sim-ple Story, and other novels, as well as in her capacity of editor, dragged on, as we are told, to the age of sixty, a miserable existence, living always in mean lodgings, and suffering frequently from want of the common comforts of life. Lady Morgan, so well known as Miss Owenson, a brilliant and accomplished woman, is now dependent alto-gether upon the public charity, administered in the form of a pension of less than five hundred dollars a year. Mrs. of a pension of less than five hundred dollars a year. Mrailemans, the universally sidmired poetess, lived and died in poyerty. Laman Blanchard lost his senses and committed suicide in consequence of being compelled, by his extreme poverty, to the effort of writing an article for a periodical while his wife lay a corpse in the house. Miss Mitford, so well known to all of us, found herself, after a life of close economy, so greatly reduced as to have been under the necessity of applying to her American readers for means to extricate her little property from the rade lands of the Sheriff. Like Lady Morgan, she is now a public pensioner. Leigh Hant is likewise dependent on the public charity. Tom Hood, so well known by his Song of a Shirt—the delight of his readers, and a mine of wealth to his publishers; a man without vices, and of uniting inpublic charity. Tom Hood, so well known by his Song of a Shirt—the delight of his readers, and a mine of wealth to his publishers: a man without vices, and of untiring industry—lived always from day to day on the produce of his labor. On his death bed, when his langs were so worn with consumption that he could breath only through a silver tube, he was obliged to be proped up with pillows, and, with shaking hand and dizzy head, force himself to the task of amusing his readers, that he might thereby obtain bread for his unhappy wife and children. With all his reputation, Moore found it difficult to support his family, and all the comfort of his declining years was due to the charity of his friend Lord Lansdowne. In one of his letters from Germany, Campbell expresses himself transported with joy at hearing that a deable edition of his peems had just been published in London. This unexpected fifty pounds, says he, saves me from fall. Haynes Beyley died in extreme powerty. Similar statements are furnished as in relation to numerous others who have, by the use of their pens, largely contributed to the enjoyment and the instruction of the people of Great Britain. It would, indeed be difficult to find very many cases in which it had been otherwise with persons exclusively dependent on the produce of literary labor. With few and brilliant exceptions, their condition appears to have been, and to be, one of almost hopeless poverty. Scarcely anything short of this, indeed, would induce the acceptance of the public therrity that is occasionally doled act in the form of pensions on the literary fand.

The cause of this is the limited circulation that is attained by the works of even the most popular authors,

attained by the works of even the most popular authors. with certain exceptions, which confirm the rule.

with certain exceptions, which confirm the rule.

Popular as was Captain Marryat, the first editions of his books were, as he himself informed me, for some time only 1,500, and had not then risen above 2,000. Of Mr.

Bulwer's novels, so universally popular, the first edition never exceeded 2,500; and so it has been, and is, with others. With all Mr. Thackerny's popularity, the sale of his books has, I believe, rarely gone beyond 6,000 for the supply of above thirty millions of people. Occasionally, a single author is enabled to fir the attention of the public.

and he is enabled to make a fortune,—not from the sale of oning paregraph from one of the journals of the day: Thus for, so writer has succeeded in drawlor so face

Tecuniary profits from the exercise of his talents as Carles Dickers. His last romance, Bleak House, which appeared in morthly numbers, had so wide a circulation in that form that it become a valuable medium for alvertice, that before its close the few pages of the tale was conjucted by the state of advertisements which were disk. pletely lost in sheets of advertisements which were stated to them. The lowest price for such an advertisement of them. The lowest price for such an advertisement of them. It sterling, and many were paid for at the rate of first £6. From this there is nothing improbable in the supstition that, in addition to the large sum received for tale, its author gained some £15,000 by his advantagables. The thousehold Words produces an income of about £4,000, though Dickens, having put it entirely in the hands of an assistant editor, has nothing to do with beyond furnishing a weekly article. Through is taken alone he has raised himself from the position of a paragrapher reporter to that of a literary Cresus."

In this country the case is different. To

In this country the case is different. The productions of English literature find a far more abundant In strong contrast with the limited sale of English b

In strong contrast with the limited sale of English books at home, is the great extent of sale here, as shown in the following facts: Of the octave edition of the Modera British Essayist, there have been sald in five years as less than 80,000 volumes. Of Macaulay's Miscellanias 3 vol. 12mo., the sale has amounted to 60,000 volumes. Of Miscellanias 3 vol. 12mo., the sale has amounted to 60,000 volumes. Of Miscellanias 3 vol. 12mo., the sale has amounted to 60,000 volumes. Of Miscellanias 10,000 columes have been sold, and of McCallacky Commercial Dictionary, 10,000 volumes. Of Alexader Smith's Porms, the sale, in a few months, it reached 10,000 copies. The sale of Mr. Thackeray's works has been quadruple that of England, and that of the works of Mr. Dickens counts almost by millions of volume. Of Bleak House, in all its various forms—in newspaper, and spines it was completed, the sale has, I am told, ascessince it was completed, the sale has, I am told, ascessing the was completed, the sale has, I am told, ascessing the was completed, the sale has, I am told, ascessing the was completed, the sale has, I am told, ascessing the was completed, the sale has, I am told, ascessing the sale base I as I am told, ascessing the sale sale as I am told ascessing the sale has I am told ascessing the sale as I am told ascessing the sale sale as I am told ascessing the sale as I am told ascessing the sale as I am told ascessing the sale sale as I Liberal as is the support extended to reprints of

foreign books, a still wider patronage is accorded to native productions, which compared with the former are in the proportion of three to one.

Of all American authors, these of school books excepted, there is no one of whose books so many have been circulated as those of Mr. Irving. Prior to the publication of the edition recently issued by Putnam, the sale had amounted to some hundreds of thousands; and yet of that edition, selling at \$1.25 per volume, it has already amounted to 144,000 vols. Of Unck Ton, the sale has amounted to 25,000 copies, parity in one, and parity in two volumes, and the total number of volumes amounts, probably, to about 450,000.

Price per vol. Va.

Of the two works of Miss Warner, Queechy, and the Wide, Wide World, the price and sale have More of More o 75.000 55.000 25.000 55.000 51.000 5.000 50 51,000 50 60,000 75 [00,003 00 375 200,001 (ignalenters) 15 00 3.89 Westers Works of work 2 00 04.59 Kent's Communication 4 vols 2 00 04.59 Kent's Communication 4 vols 30 04.09 Next to Chancellor Kent's work comes Groenhed Evidence, 3 vols, \$16 50; the sale of which has been exrecoingly great, but what has been its extent, I cannot

Of Blatchford's General Statutes of New-York, a local Of Blatchford's General Statutes of New-York, a local work, price \$4.50, the sale has been 3,000 equal to sinose 20,000 of a similar work for the United Kingdom.

How great is the sale of Judge Story's books can be judged only from the fact that the copy right now yield, and for years past has yielded, more than \$8,000 per annum. Of the sale of Mr. Prescotts works little is carriedly known, but it cannot, I understand, have been less than 160,000 volumes. That of Mr. Baaccoff's Hotory has already risen, certainly known, but it is considerably more; and yet even that is a sale, for such a work, entirely unprecedented.

Of the works of Hawthorne Longfollow Beyant Willia.

such a work, entirely unprecedented.

Of the works of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant Willis, Curtis, Sedgwick, Sigourney, and numerous others, the sale is exceedingly great but, as not even an approximation to the true amount can be offered. I must leave it to you to judge of it by comparison with those of less popular authors above enumerated. In several of these cases, beautifully illustrated editions have been published, of which large numbers have been no less than ten editions. These various facts will probably suffice to satisfy you that this country presents a market for bookwof almost every description, unparalleled in the world.

In recent to the amount received by measured.

In regard to the amount received by successful American authors, Mr. Carey makes some statements, which will be new to most readers.

Which will be new to most readers.

I have now before me a statement from a single publisher, in which he says that to Mesers. Willis, Longfellow, Bryant, and Alston, his price was uniformly \$30 for a postical article, long or short—and his readers know that they were generally very short; in one case only fourteen lines. To numerous others it was from \$25 to \$40. in

incs. To minerous others it was from \$25.0 sec. As cone case he has puid \$25.per page for prove. An Accorder to the provided of the provided o